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[415]
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Upper left corner: Yuruti woman using the planter's stick ("digging stick") in the garden.

Upper right corner: Typical way of carrying the baskets where the roots of bitter yuca are put.

Lower part: Two views of Siriano Indians in typical seated position.

(Photos by M. Fulop.)

/196/

*192 285 415 One can distinguish three types of sieves: 1st, tõ-pa (in Nheengatú cumatá), is large, of very tight mesh, used to strain out the manicuera /the liquid from the mass of manioc/ and to extract the starch; 2nd, sũõ, or better sõõ-a (Nh. urupema), with a more open mesh and sometimes square in shape, in a frame of four rounded sticks, used to sift the mass of the water flour /see p. 310 /; 3rd, Baxtʃ, deeper, as small baskets for storing the beijú and other foods and objects. It is these that customarily bear the beautiful traditional designs.

3) Baskets.

*192 285 415 a) Pi'ʃ are large baskets which on the Amazon are customarily called aturás. They are used to transport mandioca, fruits, earth, firewood, luggage; they are woven exclusively by the Makú, who also work for the other tribes.

The traditional shape is the cylindrical one, with the base slightly wider than the mouth. The material is the uambé cipo, misʃ-da, quite strong, chosen without knots, and which is placed on the fire, in order to slip off the bark easily. The cipo is broken into two or three parts, and the plaiting is started from the bottom. The mouth is of rings of cipo, like a hoop, and is tied to the basket with woven caroatá fibers.

*192 462 • 482 The woman, upon whom the carrying of the pi'ʃ falls (the man must always walk unencumbered, in order to be able to defend himself and his family), carries it in the following manner: the aturá goes on her back, but is suspended from the forehead by means of a wide embira, pi'ʃ-karõ-pá (29),

29. Or pi'ʃ-kãrõ-kaxserí. It seems that the tree derived its name from the pi'ʃ, because its embira is commonly used to transport the pi'ʃ. Other embiras, however, are also used, such as sõ'ú-kaxsero, deóti-kõ.

the ends of which, passing through the mouth of the basket, run along it and are interwoven on the bottom of it. They thus transport a load of 30 to 50 kilograms for a distance of kilometers.

/251 cont./

487 The Amazon forest, interlaced as it is by lianas (a little less, it is true, than appears to anyone who only sees it from the bank of the rivers), is crossed with some difficulty, and [481] perhaps for this reason is not crisscrossed with trails. The custom of the Indians always to walk one behind the other, never side by side, is well known. It is what is called "Indian file," that is, one by one. The native does not go very far into the forest; he is afraid of Wãx-tĩ (VII -- 4, d (5)). As for his [241] clearing, it is even desirable that there is no path to reveal the site. In this way it will be better sheltered from thefts. For these reasons roads are not opened, except for those that lead from the maloca or povoado to the landing place, ordinarily a few dozen or, at most, one or two hundred meters in extent.

/252/ They discover, however, shorter routes than the interminable windings by way of the rivers or igarapés to go *[192] from one maloca to another. Such routes, as they are more frequented for the exchange of women, feasts, or trade, become better and constitute what is called varadouro (in Tukano ma'á) (84).

84. It seems that originally the Tukano term ma'á meant only the route that the canoe was to follow in the dangerous crossings of the cachoeiras. Today the term ma'á is used as an equivalent to the Portuguese words: varadouro, caminho, estrada, etc.

• 482 All the transportation of cargo by land is done by means of the *[192] aturás /carrying baskets/, or pi'ĩ, which the woman carries on her back.

502 During the time of high water in the rivers canals navigable by canoes are formed within the forest, since the wilderness becomes a sea, and the native takes advantage of that in order to shorten the trips; his canoe takes a shortcut through the forest, instead of following all the sinuosity of the river. Their topographic memory of the rivers on which they live, going up and coming down, does not let them be led astray.

4: Silva--399 M-4,5 (1947-1958) 1962 SQ19 Tucano SQ19

/Illustrations facing p. 273 in the original source./

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857

From early childhood the little girls are used to chores (manner of carrying the py:)

One of the feminine occupations

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721 many more people lived there. We are told by Robuchon that sixty years ago the Indians of north-west Amazonia, round the Caquetá and to the north, were extremely warlike. Tribal warfare was rife and no one trusted his
727 neighbour. *Malocas* were attacked and burnt down and prisoners taken; of these only young children were allowed to survive as slaves. The remainder were knocked to the ground with wooden clubs which the Indians still have today, their bodies hacked to pieces, their forearms used to stir the *chicha* and the armbones later made into flutes. Hands and feet were a delicacy and the sexual organs were eaten by the headman's wife to ensure brave offspring. even the bones were boiled into broth and the orgy continued until the cannibals had completed their spoil and the *chicha* had run dry.

Such a description of warfare and cannibalism would not fit the Indian who lives in the Piraparaná today, and certainly bears no resemblance to the
[178] daily life we saw in their *malocas*. We found the Indian's day measured by a peaceful regularity.

512 Slowly the great house comes to life. Smouldering fires are stirred into a blaze, for the hour before sunrise – even inside the *maloca* – is always the coldest. A baby cries, a young Indian moves from his hammock to the palm-screen door and eases it up to its hook like a portcullis, then saunters leisurely out into the dawn. Others follow. The women move at the far end of the *maloca*, still only vague shapes in the gathering light as they prepare cassava, pick up the water pots and go down to the river to bathe.

[264] The men returning from the river squat on their haunches on the low
[262] stools in the centre of the *maloca*, and without any ceremony consume their breakfast of cassava bread, manioc juice and probably some leftovers from the previous night – boiled fish or a piece of bush pig. The women, who have eaten separately with the children, collect their large manioc baskets and leave
[482] for the *chagra*, the forest clearing where they grow their crops. The baskets are slung from a strip of sapling bark across the forehead; they hold their babies on their hips, walking rapidly, almost awkwardly – the Indian woman's gait is not a graceful one. Children run along beside them, some
[855] affectionately holding the hands of their mothers, others playing. A few of
[857] the elder children return to the river to fish, and some of the men go off in
[226] pairs to hunt and fish, while others move off to collect coca leaves from their *chagras*.

249 The Piraparaná has always been an area of coca cultivation and today the river and its tributaries are one of the few remaining strongholds of the drug in north-west Amazonia. Carrying no more than their small coca pouches and the basket for the leaves, five or six men, led by the headman, go down to the stream, perhaps taking a drink and washing themselves before they climb up the far bank. They move along a path through the thick vegetation of an old *chagra* fallen into disuse. Although an occasional banana or *pupuña* palm

Bt Moser and Tayler E.N-5 (1960-1961) 1967 SQ19 Tucano SQ19

249 462 spend the greater part of the morning collecting the leaves which they prepare during the afternoon and evening. It is a serious task and one which each man undertakes with a strange air of concentration. Each coca plant is selectively stripped leaf by leaf before the next one is tackled. The headman carries the basket with him and gradually it fills with handfuls of pale sage-green leaves. The younger men collect the leaves almost reverently in their right hands before emptying them into the basket, their faces serious, their crouched bodies shining in the strong morning sun, their short, clipped speech broken occasionally by a high-pitched laugh.

512 244 462 85 In the distance small ribbons of smoke rise in a misty cloud. The women are just visible, their squat figures crouching among the manioc plants. They can be heard laughing; occasionally a baby cries and the children romp and play among the bright-green manioc plants whose tall spindly branches stretch skywards some six feet, terminating in clusters of long, thin, starlike leaves. With their babies straddled across their backs the women spend the morning cutting out the long potato-like roots from the sandy soil and putting the waste foliage into piles to be burnt. It is hot with the sun streaming down, the fires crackling and the smoke enshrouding the working bodies. There is little time for rest, though a woman will stop to swing her child around and let it suckle her breast; a mother may give a fat yellow beetle grub to her child to eat, having detached the head – a great delicacy, tasting like butter. Soon large baskets are filled with roughly peeled and half-cleaned roots.

512 [482] The sun is high overhead and the men leave for the *maloca* with their basket full of coca leaves; on top they place large dried leaves from the *yarumo* (Cecropia) trees which grow like weeds in the *chagra*. The women too load their heavy baskets on to their backs, the headbands taking the greater part [222] of the fifty-pound weight. The whole group hurries through the forest in silence, passing the old *chagra* where the headman's wife leaves the other women to collect pineapples, then down to the stream beneath the *maloca*. At this point comes one of the noisiest and most amusing incidents in their [515] daily life. Not only the manioc roots are washed in the water but the babies [85] too; the mothers vigorously shake their large baskets of roots, then stop to splash water over the backs of the children. For a short time there is cacophony, with screaming babies, splashing water, continuous chatter and laughter, and even barking dogs. But soon the stream is left to myriads of white and brimstone-yellow butterflies which circle everlastingly over the sandbanks, and the women, refreshed, their long black hair glistening in the sun, return up the path to the *maloca*.

Tobacco plants are nearly always grown in a little patch directly in front

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A graceful Tukano canoe.

[see p. 66-A]